PARKERSBURG PLATFORM.

WILLIAM LOVE

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William Love.

Parkersburg Platform

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This little volume is affectionately dedicated
To My Wife,
always my most appreciative reader.

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Parkersburg Platform

ADDRESSES

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BY
WILLIAM LOVE, M. A., Ph. D.

1906

Preface.

That these offspring of my brain and heart, so nobly godfathered by the Societies before whom they were delivered, might not be born and abandoned, or condemned to float about during their precarious existence as newspaper articles without "a local habitation and a name," is the chief motive for embodying them in a book.

It is sincerely hoped nothing will be found in these addresses but what will prove, in some degree at least, informing to the intellect, stimulating to the conscience, and helpful to the heart of the reader.

I hereby gladly express my thanks to the orders which, by their courtesy, have given me the occasions to voice the sentiments herein contained.

WILLIAM LOVE.

Parkersburg, W. Va., April 2, 1906.

Garrett Biblical Institute
Evanston, Illinois

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"But where ye feel your honor grip,
Let that be aye your border."

To the Masons.

Text:—"And, entering the sepulchre, they saw a young man clothed in white."—Mark, XVI : 5.

Our Lord had been crucified on the Judean hill, Golgotha. He who had made the worlds, and upheld all things by the word of his power, passed through the mysterions change we call death. During the tragedy of His suffering on the cross, all nature shook and trembled, while the sun was darkened in the heavens. But when the voice of victory, "It is finished," issued from the dying lips of incarnate love, those that slept felt the power of purchased redemption, and knew that Death was conquered in his own domain, "and many that were in their graves came forth, and went into the Holy City, and appeared unto many." Then Joseph of Arimathea begged the body of our Lord from Pilate, and wrapping it in the cerements of the grave, laid it in his own new tomb. But

those who had plotted against his life and sworn it away from the earth, affirming that He said He would build the temple in three days if they destroyed it, taking alarm, are frightened into confessing that they knew He spoke of the temple of His own body; for they came to Pilate asking him to take care that the tomb is watched, pointing out to him that Jesus had said He would "rise again the third day." Pilate, now thoroughly disgusted with himself for the part he was compelled by their craftiness to take in the judicial murder, is out of patience with them, and tells them to go and make the sepulchre as secure as they can. So they have the tomb sealed, and a guard set.

The Marys, who had been waiting for the Sabbath to pass, now, come in the dawn, with their spicery and aromatics, to the tomb, to prepare the body for final interment. They are questioning themselves as to how the stone is to be rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre; but on approaching they find the stone already removed. Mary

Magdalene impetuously runs back to tell Peter and John that an act of vandalism has been committed; the other two Marys go on to find the Master gone and a young man clothed in white in the sepulchre. His face was like lightning and his clothes like snow in whiteness. They now, also, hastened back bearing the joyous evangel pronounced by the angel, that Jesus is risen, and Mary Magdalene returning to the grave meets the gardener, as she supposes, and asks him where he has laid her Lord's body. Then Jesus reveals Himself unto her.

"They saw a man." Is it not a singular fact that in the Bible all the angels are men? The artists paint feminine angels on their canvases and give them wings; but in every recorded instance, in which God has sent messengers from the other world into this world, they have been men. Manly in form, deportment, and instinct. Three "men" talked with Abraham at the door of his tent; two "men" went to Sodom to rescue Lot and his family from the impending destruction;

and, the human form divine of the fourth which appeared in the fiery furnace with the "three Hebrew children" was like unto the Son of Man; so also on the other side of Jabbok there wrestled all night with Jacob, "a man;" and likewise, on the isle of Patmos, John hearing a voice, turned round and saw an angel "like unto the Son of Man." Even when God would manifest himself unto the world it was through the form of a "man." Thus does God show His high esteem of man whom He has made but a little lower than Himself.

We instinctively reverence a good man; his presence awakens sentiments of the heroic and divine in us. The ancients worshiped their heroes and kings; and we still indulge in a species of hero worship. All along the ages men have, like John, on the isle of Patmos, been "About to fall down and worship" man; but the world has never seen a perfect man with one exception, the man Christ Jesus, and, since he came into history, he has been worshiped most devoutly by

the noblest, the highest, the truest and the best men of all nations and peoples, with no suggestion of idolatry in the heart of the worshipers. He is the one perfect pattern of manhood; and his mission to the world was to show us men how to realize the highest and best there is possible for us. Not only to show us how, but to enable us to be what God intended man to be. His mission is to inspire and lead men to a larger, a nobler and a truer life.

Look at the men of the Christian nations, when they are at their best, and that is always when they are the nearest to Jesus Christ. Look at them with their civilizations, their arts and commerce, their sciences and the ideals they cherish; their homes and their sanctities, and their Sabbaths; their laws and literatures, and, their pure spiritual worships, and you see the choice of the race rising into the noble types of manhood which God intends for all. And, remember it is but as yesterday, when the noblest and best races of men on the earth were only wild, naked,

painted savages, dwelling in the forests and lakes, practicing the dark and bloody rites of human sacrifice. Their highest wisdom consisting in runes and spells, and witchcraft and magic, with so many gods that their calendar was transformed into a pantheon; that in their superstitions they set aside one day in the week for the worship of each deity, the survival of their worships still persisting in the names of the days. Monday is Moonday; Tuesday, Twia's-day; Wednesday, Woden's-day; Friday, Frea's-day; Saturday, Thursday and Sunday are likewise named for the respective gods. Looking thus at the highest types of men today and then at the wild men of yesterday who poured out the blood of brothers and children on idol altars, in their wild and weird worships, we can see how far the world has progressed on its journey towards the realization of the ideal man—the man Christ Jesus—and be encouraged. It is the "sweetness and light," the purity and truth of Jesus, which blossoms out in such characters as Charles Dudley Warner, the

editor; William Ewart Gladstone, the statesman; and in Phillips Brooks, the preacher. Such of God's noble men as these show the high-water mark of our humanity; yet the day cometh when every man shall rise to these high altitudes. And what a world this will be to live in then when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea; when all men shall be noble, honorable and true; when all shall live together in unity and amity, a brotherhood indeed, with one faith, one baptism, one God and father of all, who is above all, through all, and in you all. Then shall a new earth surely have come down from God out of heaven; then, too, shall Jesus Christ be enthroned in human society, having come to his rightful possession, for "through Him, and to Him, and by Him are all things."

"They saw a young man." Eternal Youth is our destined goal. Here we grow old and become decrepit in bodily powers. The body shows the marks and scars and lesions; the wear and tear and stress of a world of sin

and wrong. Somewhat as the dwellings we live in wear out, so our bodies need repairs, renewal, renovation, rejuvenation. Finally the Father says, "Son, daughter, move out; the house is to be remodelled and made new." This is what we have learned to call death, and singularly enough, men in general prefer not to die; men dread death as the Ainos, a primitive tribe of Japan, dread the removal of their clothes. This aboriginal tribe have an immemorial superstition about the removal of their garments. Once a European lady succeeded in persuading a woman of this primitive race to take a bath, and was shocked to find that the superstitious savage took it, indeed, but with all her finery and war paint on. She was horrified at the dreadful thought of undressing for the purpose.

Now, to the Christian, the dread of death is as gross a superstition as that of the Ainos tribe; for, according to the scriptures, the casting off of the garments of the flesh, which is so much dreaded by some, is but a

delicious lustration; a baptism into glorious life, blessing and strength.

I know not what shall be the fate of those who do not follow Jesus Christ, when they go forth into the next world, as to their bodies, but, if, as the scriptures seem to suggest, they shall come forth, at the resurrection, with their old, sin-smitten and sin-corrupted bodies, that will be unutterably bad. Whatever the condition of the bodies of the sinful in the next world, we know that for the Christian there is to be a body fashioned like unto Christ's most glorious body!

In the tomb they saw a young man!

"A pilgrim once, so runs an ancient tale,
Old, worn and spent, crept down a shadowed vale;
On either hand rose mountains bleak and high;
Chill was the gusty air, and dark the sky;
His faded cheek was seamed with pain and care;
His heavy eyes upon the ground were cast;
And every step seemed feebler than the last.

The valley ended where a naked rock
Rose sheer from earth to heaven, as if to mock
The pilgrim who had crept the toilsome way;
But while his dim and weary eyes essay
To find an outlet in the mountain side,
A ponderous, sculptured, brazen door he spied,
And tottering toward it, with fast failing breath,
Above the portal read, 'The Gate of Death!'

He could not stay his feet that led thereto,
It yielded to his touch, and passing through,
He came into a world all bright and fair.
Blue were the heavens, and balmy the air;
And lo! the blood of youth was in his veins,
And he was clad in robes that held no stain
Of his long pilgrimage. Amazed he turned.
Behold! a golden sunlight, and his wandering eyes
Now lustreful and clear as those new skies
Free from the mists of age and care and strife
Above the portal read, 'The Gate of Life!' "

God intends all men to shine like angels of light; to blaze and burn with the brilliancy which is natural to the sons of God. To show this He sent forth Moses and Elias to talk with Jesus on the Mount, when his Son had the first earthly installment of the glory which He had with the Father before the world was; to secure this Jesus Christ endured the agony and the bloody sweat in Gethsemane, and the anguish of the cross. To prove this the empty tomb was shown to Mary with the young man sitting in it, clothed in white! To the follower of Jesus death is but the ante chamber where the old and soiled and perishable, earthly body is exchanged for youth and immortality. In the other world there are to be no old, infirm, or deformed bodies; eternal youth, bloom, fullness of life, perfection of beauty—these are the characteristics of the heavenly inhabitants. The body which goes into the tomb time-wrecked and tortured will be youthful, healthful, beautiful on the other side. There it shall be spiritualized and glorified with

immortal youth! They saw a young man in the tomb!

They saw a young man clothed in white! In this world we are all exposed to smoke and grime at the forge of life; but in the other we shall be free from all contamination. Now we are alternately on the march and in the field; here we are choked with the dust or hurt with the shock and jar of battle; but there when the forced marches are ended, and the day is won, and the crown is placed on the victor's brow, character shall be attained, and purity shall be perpetual.

For entering the sepulchre, the woman saw not only a young man, but a young man clothed in white raiment! This is the Hebrew way of saying there is eternal purity in the life to come; that is the final goal of all men in Jesus Christ, for "The fine linen is the righteousness of the saints," and the righteousness of the saints is "the righteousness of Christ."

I have not raised the question of the immortality of the soul; of the future life. I

have taken this for granted. My reason for doing so is this: there is an instinct for, and an intuition of immortality in every heart which is more sure than the power of formal logic can make it. Men do not spend their patience and time and strength in making toys which are to perish in their hands, vanishing like bubbles; nor does God spend ages and cycles and æons on man that he may heave a feverish sigh beneath the enduring stars and then forever vanish. We instinctively know this earth is not our home. As Abraham pleads with the Children of Heth for a parcel of ground in which to bury his dead, his confession that he is but a pilgrim and stranger in the earth as were all his fathers, finds an echo in every heart. Peter wrote to admonish his generation that they were "strangers and pilgrims," and the author of the book of Hebrews assures us that "we have no continuing city;" and we all know that we are building here upon the sands of time. But our hearts cry out for "a city that hath foundations" and that shall be permanent.

This heart yearning after the spiritual and the permanent is co-extensive with the human race. The best title any of us has here is a temporary lease, which carries with it no security of tenure whatsoever. The life of earth is like a Bedouin encampment—the tents that are spread out at sunset melt away before the dawn!

Yes, men have always felt this life to be but a fugitive elusive dream, and have sought and still seek for the permanent and abiding. Kings have fitted out expeditions to search for the Elysian fields; chemists have worn themselves out with toil to find the elixir of life; philosophers still labor to prove that death is but a chemical change which has no power to touch feeling, spirit, love, life; the moralist cries out impatiently that "our dissatisfaction with any other solution is the blazing evidence of our immortality!" The naturalist reads the same in parables; the canary does not perish when the cage which confined it is taken apart; the chick in the shell does not die when the shell breaks and

allows it freedom in a new and infinitely larger world; and the dragon-fly begins its life at the bottom of the pond, over which, later, it flits on gauzy wings in the glory of the sun! The locust crawls as a grub at first but later sings in the tree tops. Then the scientist assures us there is no destruction of matter in all the universe of God; the discovery of the conservation of energy shows us that mind, spirit, soul is eternal; that there is therefore no possibility of the extinction of mind. The glory of the human soul surely is not to glow, and burn, and burst, and vanish, like a fire-rocket shot into the night!

Kings, chemists, moralists, philosophers, naturalists and scientists all point out the reasonableness and the justice of an immortality for man; for surely God who is love, would not himself implant love in the human soul, and then disappoint its yearings for fellowship beyond the grave! And we might rest our faith in immortality, on the reasons that are adduced by thinkers for the resurrection; but what these have chased through

space and time, by reasoning, imagination, hope and faith, Jesus Christ has proved! That is the supreme message of Easter! The sons of men have built the base of the pillar but the Son of Man has placed the crowning capstone thereupon. The sons of men have seen through a glass darkly, enigmatically; but the Son of Man has brought life and immortality to light! The empty tomb demonstrates the correctness of all the instincts, hopes, dreams, faiths of the race; there sits the young man in the tomb. That is demonstration! There walks Jesus in the garden; that is demonstration! There stands the Lord of Life in the upper room challenging the faithless Thomas to faith, with His hands still bearing the fresh wounds of the nails in them; there he stands bearing the hurt place in his side which the Roman spear had made; that is demonstration! There He speaks from the clouds to Saul on the Damascus road saying: "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest;" that is demonstration. There He speaks to John on the isle of Patmos, saying:

"I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for ever more;" that is demonstration. Paul and John and the rest of them believed in the resurrection so implicitly they went forth to seal their faith in it with their blood; that is demonstration! The proof of the immortality of the soul is found in the resurrection of Christ from the dead. Here we plant our feet on the rock of solid certainty; and in the inner chambers of our hearts there rings this glad Easter morning greeting, "The Lord is risen; He is risen indeed!"

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

To the Grand Army of the Republic

"No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life."—Paul.

I like to read history. The scenes it presents, and the actions it records, are an intellectual tonic to the seeker after truth. History is a human commentary on the providences of God. And nowhere in all history, sacred or profane, is there a more pointed comment, a better illustration, or a clearer demonstration of the truth of this text than in the history made by the men who now compose the Grand Army of the Republic. In the hour of their country's need they went forth forgetful of all the affairs of this life, even of their own lives.

We cannot know the spirit of these men unless we know their own history, and we cannot know that till we look at their ancestry. We must ask who these men are and whence they came who call themselves by so honorable a title as "Grand Army of the Republic."

Whence came the men who more than four decades ago laid their lives on the altar of their country? We find them to have been largely the descendants of Independents and Puritans. Their fathers and forefathers had been punished with fines, imprisonment, mutilation, torture and death for principles which they claimed, and which we all claim, to be God-given. They met death like men at the hands of the English kings, while struggling to deliver themselves and their children and children's children from the oppressive heel of martial law and the terrible consequences of the Star-chamber, by urging the awful, yet just claims of "Magna Charta!" These were the men, who, when crushed by the arbitrary rule of James II, hurled him headlong from his throne to seek a French asylum. You members of the Grand Army of the Republic, we repeat, are the descendants of the moral giants who stood up, when it was both unpopular and dangerous to do so, as the champions of truth and civil liberty.

Being sons of such fathers, and inheriting their instincts for self-government, for righteous law, and for implicit obedience to such law—and faith in God—you could not do otherwise, and be true to yourselves, when the great crisis came, than follow the suggestion of this text, and casting aside the affairs of this life rise from peace-loving citizens to soldiers; from artisans to statesmen; from party to patriotism. And the history you have made points to myriad graves, declaring the fathers have no cause to blush apology for the conduct of their sons.

Almost all wars since the day Barak went down from Mount Tabor, with his thousands against Sisera, to the day the last swarm of Turkish hordes on the heights of Thessaly sought to crush helpless Greece, or Russia sought to crush Japan, have been waged for national aggrandizement, territory or the love of power. In the vast majority of the wars which have deluged this earth with blood, and populated it with widows and orphans there has been no moral principle involved.

But in our civil war there were several principles fundamental to a free government to be vindicated. While the men who now compose the Grand Army of the Republic hated slavery, and deplored its sad effects on the white and black races of the South, they did not precipitate the bloody struggle. They did not gird on armor and march southward to declare that all men were created free and equal. They bore with long-suffering that festering carbuncle—Slavery—on the body politic, which was infusing gangrene into the very life-blood of the nation. They did not take up arms to deliver four millions of men from the biting lash. They refused to interfere with slavery in its own States—so-called. But they being big with instincts for civil liberty refused like heroes to have the iniquitous institution saddled upon them and their children by unscrupulous demagogues or well meaning interested parties.

When Jefferson Davis declared on the floor of Congress that he could hold in his hand

all the blood which would be shed in the on-coming war, he believed he could; and he believed it because he either did not know, or did not remember, what sort of blood flowed through the veins of these men. Had he remembered that the words "right," "wrong," "ought," "ought not," were flashing and burning in the very throne-room of their consciences as with the majesty of God, he would not have determined to maintain his political ascendency, and hush them into silence by a threat to dissolve the Union! Such a threat was throwing the glove at their feet. Every instinct of justice and independence was challenged. There was nothing left them but an appeal to the grim arbitrament of the God of battles. They saw that a government of the people, and for the people, and by the people had required centuries for development; that it was a peculiar ordinance of God; and for them to stand by and see it broken into fragments by rebellion in wanton pride would have been craven cowardice. To have done so would have made them false to

their "Constitution," false to their liberties; false to themselves; false to their ancestry; false to their posterity; false to all the other liberty-loving nations of the earth; false to God!

Our soldiers and statesmen saw clearly the principles involved. It was a question of whether law and freedom should be perpetuated by them, or whether their Republic should totter from her elevated position among the nations of the earth, and fall into the anarchy of Russia. Hence an enlightened Christian people, who knew that all real success, permanent prosperity and safety, rested upon the maintenance of just and right principles and laws could not hesitate to fly to arms. For true christianity is not something deformed and grotesque, generated by the action of false sentiments on the morbid sensibilities, which whines and whimpers over crime, but sees no majesty in law. The spirit of christianity is that system of truth, that conviction worked into the warp and woof of human consciences, which smote the despotic

Roman emperors; which banished the pagans from the throne and set a Christian thereupon; which hurled back the Saracenic hordes before Charles Martel; which wiped out the feudal system, and taught humble men to lift their eyes above the haughty petty lord to the Lord God Almighty; which exploded the "divine right of Kings," abolished the Star Chamber and swam the Atlantic in the Mayflower. Genuine Christianity not only puts its trust in "Providence" but keeps its powder dry. And when the life of truth or right depends on it, makes that powder flash quick and powerfully till before its death-dealing fire error and wrong turn and flee, or fall and there expire.

No, gentlemen: when their country was threatened, not a man of you who now compose the Grand Army of the Republic entangled himself with the affairs of his own life. These thought first of their country; and of their lives afterwards. Every man who marched to the front to all intents and purposes died to himself. He died to all but

loyalty, patriotism and bravery, and the cause was worthy of the sacrifice. For had not these men of heroic soul rallied to the defense of the Union it would have been shattered into fragments, and now instead of enjoying the possession of our property, rights and lives under the protection of the most Christian, the most beneficent and the most democratic form of government on the whole earth, we would be continually involved in the dangers and chances of war, for governments so unlike as those of the North and South must have been could not have lived in peace side by side.

But the Union soldiers fought not simply for the constitutional liberties of the United States, but as the champions of civil liberty everywhere. They were defending an experiment. Greece and Carthage and Rome had all tried it before them, and their dreams of free republics had all crystalized into "Imperialism" or vanished in Utopian vapor. France had tried it, too, and could only maintain her Republic for twelve years—from

1792 until 1804. The flashing sword-blades of the Northern soldiery cut the sinews of all ambitious Louis Napoleons, who would essay to vault into the national saddle and ride over the people to "Imperialism." Politicians, patriots, statesmen and philosophers all over the world, who had read of or seen the fates of other republics, were watching the struggle with feverish interest. Had we failed to maintain our republic they would have given up in despair. The nations of the earth, instead of having been encouraged by us to struggle to establish free governments, would by the failure have been driven to accept despotism or anarchy as the inevitable. And the world would have been thereby doomed to groan in suffering, oppression and despair, until some other people should rise to show that the *people* could govern themselves. But "thanks be unto God who hath given us the victory," the "boys in blue" were equal to the occasion, and are today remembered as the defenders of their country, and the benefactors of the world.

Let us shut our eyes for a moment and think ourselves back in '61, and see what a spectacle crosses our vision. We see the boys in blue responding to their country's call, and to the shrill blast of fife, and the dull ra ta ta of the drum marching to the front with the stars and stripes floating in the breeze. We see the husband and father transformed into a hero, leaving his place of business, making provision for his wife and children; and leaving them to their tears, their widowhood, their orphanage, and their God, and going forth to a soldier's life or perhaps a soldier's death. We see young men leaving the pleasures of literature, and the delights of science and the love of art; leaving mothers and sisters and lovers; leaving wealth and ease and comfort and hurrying forth to the battlefield. We see the lawyer's office, the physician's patient, the professor's chair and the teacher's and preacher's desks exchanged for the haver-sack and rifle. We see Phil Sheridan with his impetuous dashes of cavalry turning defeat into victory; and Farragut lashed to

the mast-head of his vessel, invoking Almighty God, as he steams into Mobile harbor; and Hooker climbing higher than the clouds to swoop down upon the foe, and pluck victory from the jaws of defeat; and Sherman and his men with Herculean endurance "Marching through Georgia" to the sea; and Grant strangling Lee with a grip that grows firmer, and tighter, and stronger, until Richmond surrenders, and know that these deeds of bravery have become an inspiration to all the nations of the earth.

No, these men were not fighting simply for the United States, but for the great family of the earth. "When we see a fellow-man with blameless life, or sunk in vice; with a cultured mind, or the rusticity of the peasant; whether in the jungles of India, the huts of Africa," the bogs of Ireland, the forests of Germany; in the palatial residences of Paris, Vienna, Edinburgh, London or Boston; whether he offer prayers to Jehovah composed in the style of the Hebrew prophets and Psalmists, or bows in worship before

objects more monstrous than ever tortured the brain of the most untutored savage, or the most sullen maniac; for him these men fought and bled and died. Had they not triumphed in the struggle for constitutional liberty, every enlightened mind on the earth would have passed under a transitory shadow; and every unenlightened mind would have been damned, temporarily at least, to deeper darkness. With certain modifications these men who compose the Grand Army of the Republic tasted death for *every* man!

"But *we* never can forget them,
When the flowers bloom in spring,
And the robin and the blue-bird
In the fresh green tree tops sing.
Let the ones who reap the blessings
From the strife of years gone by,
Ever meet with floral offerings
Where the fallen soldiers lie."

But while you were fighting for your convictions, under a sky without stars and a sun without light, and the world looking on in

breathless suspense, God was behind you, and above you, and among you; and was by you, working out His own wise purposes. While heroes were pouring out the blood of their veins, and thus literally producing a "Red Sea," God was getting ready to drown the Pharaoh of Oppression. Slavery had bidden defiance to the most eagle-eyed statesman. The North supposed it fought for the preservation of the Union: the South thought it fought for State rights; but God so directed that it became a political necessity to set the captives free. So when the smoke lifted from the battlefield both found that dark spot wiped from their flag of freedom!

I think these men who offered their lives for the freedom of their fellows on the battlefield must stand very close to the heart of Him who came into this world and gave His life for the freedom of mens' souls. It is a magnificent thing to be linked by identity of purpose to reformers and heroes and martyrs; the Isaiahs, Winkelrieds, Savonarolas, Howards, Wesleys, Washingtons, Wilberforces

and Gladstones; but to be thus identified with Him who bled on Calvary to save men is sublime!

In the Mahabharata—an epic poem of ancient India—there is a fable of faithful love which will illustrate what I mean. The royal family of the Pandavas having been given a glimpse of the other world by the saintly Vyasa, became so dissatisfied with royalty that they all determined to journey to Mount Meru, "where is Indra's heaven." There all sorrow would end and union with the Infinite would be complete. King Yudhishthira, his sister and his brothers moved forward with faltering or hesitancy through tangled forests and over wide wastes of land, desolate as death, toward the East, where paradise blooms. But when they came in sight of Mount Meru, the sister fell dead because she loved her husband better than Nirvana. That, says the chronicler, was her tender sin, fault of a faultless soul. Then one of the brothers swooned and fell dead because "wisdom" had "made him proud." Another

died because he had a "self-satisfied love;" another because he had lied a worldly lie and "bragged," while the last brother died on the way because he had been too much devoted to the goodly things of earth. The king went on alone and came to heaven, and saw the god Indra, but told him he could not consent to dwell there alone. He said it was his duty to be with those he loved and expressed a willingness to go to hell to join them. A golden Deva—demigod—was sent to guide him to his friends, and as they go together they "tread the sinners' road." And what a road it is may be seen from the fact that "the tread of sinful feet matted the thick thorns carpeting its slope; the smell of sin hung foul on them; the mire about their roots was trampled filth of flesh, horrid with rottenness and splashed with gore, curdling in crimson puddles; where there buzzed and sucked and settled creatures of the swamp, hideous in wing and sting; gnat clouds with flies, moths, toads, newts and snakes red-gulleted, and livid, loathsome worms, living

in slime, forth from scull-holes, and scalps and trampled bones." But finally the king reached the gate of the utmost hell, and pressed on amid piteous groans to his friends, bringing by his presence some comfort to the wretched captives. And when he finds that his presence relieves their anguish, he exclaims: "I stand here in the throat of hell, and here will bide—nay, if I perish, while my well-beloved win ease and peace by any pains of mine." This readiness to endure hell for love excited admiration for him in paradise, and he was told that all heaven was glad for him. And because of his voluntary self-sacrifice his friends are saved from despair and enter with him into the abodes of the blessed, "washed from the stains of sin, from passion, pain and change."

Now this illustrates what I mean concerning those who fought and suffered for love of country. They, too, trod the sinners' way; they, too, stood in the very throat of hell, and some of them even perished there that those they loved might have "ease and

peace" because of their sufferings and pains. They offered themselves on the altar of their country, and thereby have that much in common with Him who "gave His life a ransom for many."

And now, soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic, and friends, let us look at the text in relation to another warfare. We ought all to volunteer for service under the Captain of our salvation—Jesus Christ—and all become soldiers of the cross. Then when active service here is over, join the Grand Army of the Redeemed. In becoming a soldier of Jesus you enter a war as much nobler, to fight for principles as much more exalted than any war waged with carnal weapons, as eternity is longer than time, and as God is greater than man. In becoming soldiers of the cross you enter into battle, not to the music of fife and drum, but the chaste and mellow strains of redeeming grace and dying love. Not under the leadership of men, but of God. Not watched with interest by this world alone, but by angels and archangels.

Not to struggle for the redemption of the bodies of other men, but for the redemption of your own souls. Not to add stars to the American flag, but to the crown of Jesus.

Then when the cross of Jesus shall have superseded all other symbols, when it is substituted for the crescent of Mohammed, when the Brahmin shall cease to look for rest by total extinction in Nirvana; when the Mussulman shall forsake the mosque of Omar; when men shall cease to make pious pilgrimages to Mecca and the Ganges; when all weary souls shall find rest in Jesus; when all men shall make successful pilgrimage through this world to the paradise of God; when Buddha, and Mohammed, and Llama, and Zoroaster, and Confucius shall be no more, and our Christ shall be all in all; when all shades of complexion and geographical lines shall fade out, and the whole human race shall be one family, unrent by faiths and unfaiths, by customs, politics and laws; when all whose faces the sunlight kisses shall with heart and soul worship only the living and

the true God ; when the weary sons of Adam shall throw their armor by, and have their temples bound by angelic hands with amaranthine flowers, and follow the heavenly choir through the gates into the city "Whose glittering towers the sun outshine," may the chorus of the song be, "These are they who have come up out of much tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb!" "They have fought a good fight, they have kept the faith, they have finished their course, and now they receive their crowns, and they shall reign with our God and with His Christ for ever and ever. Amen." Until then let us continue to act like brothers in decorating the graves of the blue and the grey.

"All the world shall brothers be."

To the Elks.

Members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Human history opens with a tragedy. On the hither side of Eden the grass was stained with blood—a brother slew a brother. The evil passion which inspired that act of fratricidal wrong is still rampant among men. But the history of the fraternal movement all through the world shows that, whether in the castes of India, the village communities of early Europe, or the labor organizations of today; whether college fraternities, or the orders for social, protective and insurance purposes, they are all a protest against that spirit of hatred which inspired Cain to imbue his hands in his brother's blood. They all struggle to suppress that spirit.

These orders seek to replace that early spirit of ferocious hatred and jealousy with a spirit of benevolence where each shall act in the interests of all and all in the interests of each.

These orders tend not a little to the suppression of the things which generate asperity and social embitterment; they conserve and contribute to the refinements and amenities of life. They have evolved a culture and intellectual enrichment which is one of the prime factors in modern civilization. For historically the scholastic degrees are the offspring of these social units. When an apprentice entered upon his apprenticeship to learn any trade or handicraft, while he was learning it, in the poetic language of the young world, he was wooing it, and during his apprenticeship he was a "Bachelor of Art!" While in consonance with the conjugal ideas of those ages when he became possessed of the trade he was a "Master" of Art! For the word arts comes to us from the Latin word "ar(t)s" skill; and we have perpetuated the words "liberal arts," which took their name from the fact that none but freemen in Rome could practice such callings. Thus have we become possessed of handicrafts, letters the "fine arts"—civilization—in response to an instinct-

ive impulse in human nature to protect itself against a repetition of that bloody tragedy in the morning of the race!

When in the process of time these associations were no longer needed for the protection of actual working men, they were taken up into a higher realm and became the means of giving a closer fellowship among those of similar tastes—they were idealized. They became fraternal associations for the protection not of the actual lives of the members but for the protection of their interests, their reputations, and, in case of misfortune, to give aid and comfort and sympathy to the weaker or the more unfortunate member. They became a bond of brotherhood where the weak, the distressed, the helpless find such love and care as cause the accidents of fortune to be less terrible, the reverses of life less hurtful, and the careless criticism of the outside world to pass by unheeded and harmless as the idle wind. They became as now a con-fraternity of kindred spirits where common aspirations and ambitions possess

the hearts of all; where there is recognized an equality and brotherhood which obliterates geographical lines, racial differences, social status and intellectual equipments; a mystic circle where the sons of Shem, Ham, and a Japheth all meet, as brothers, beneath the ever-watchful eye of a common Father!

This is but a suggestion of what fraternalism means to the toiling, struggling, suffering sons of men; it is a bubbling spring by the dusty wayside at which to quench their thirst and refresh them as they plod on to their destined journey's end.

It is well in the flush of health—in the rush of temporal cares to remind ourselves of our mortality, as we gather here this afternoon to decorate the gravestones with a wreath of flowers; to offer a tribute of sincere affection to the memory of the dead. This instinct has ever been strong in the human heart. When the city of Rome was being besieged by the Gauls one of the Fabii is seen dressed in his religious regalia crossing the enemy's lines with some sacred objects in his hands. The

day had come for him to celebrate the annual rites of his dead, and he does it at the risk of his own life. So, likewise, during the second Punic war, a general who was making headway against the common foe—Hannibal the terrible—leaves his command and repairs to Rome at the risk of ruin to the Eternal City, because the anniversary for the celebration of the rites of his dead had come!

This pious remembrance of the dead is an instinct of human nature found in various forms among all nations anciently. Only the greatest criminals—traitors, suicides and those touched by the gods — struck by lightning — were exempted. The ancients supposed that the departed spirits came forth once in a while to look at the sunlight and breathe fresh air. And do we not by this anniversary bring back to thought and memory the brothers who have gone, to cherish them as the sunshine and revive them as the air? In memory they live again among you for an hour! The old nations offered their dead, rice, cakes and oil; but we bring a nobler spiritual offering of

esteem, affection, love! And it is sweet to think that when we are gone to the land that lies very far off, beyond the shadows and the mists, that our memory shall be constantly revived, and shall not pass away from the living.

Death is the great commoner; the mighty leveler of all distinctions, the one preacher of charity and toleration which all men must hear; for even despots, crowned and uncrowned, bow low before him; and the hard hearted are moved in his presence to pity and to tears! He was the universal despot until one mightier brought life and immortality to light. And this King of kings and Lord of lords purposes to gather all the sons of Adam into one universal brotherhood and abolish death! If He has His glorious way with the sons of men, death and hell shall finally be swallowed up in victory!

But, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, you are also a social institution. Your order stands for the expression of well wishing—bene, well, and volo, I wish. That is a

noble distinction. Social concourse is a most valuable thing. Men must have a time and place during which and where the pressing cares of life can be thrown off, where the burdens which have strained to the breaking point the lives of men can be unbound for a while. Some people wonder why fraternities have so multiplied among us. I suppose they have sprung up out of the needs of this strenuous age in answer to a demand for relaxation and recuperation. It is in answer to a protest of the spirits of men against the hard, crass materialism of the age; an attempt to conserve the intellectual, spiritual and subtler and finer things of our natures.

As long as our natures crave the sweet amenities of life, so long we shall seek social intercourse. One might, it is true, keep in fairly good health on very plain food, such as rye bread and postum, and be contented with homespun cloth of a sober Quaker gray, and with the bare, hard sidewalks of the city, but we crave some confection in our diet, and a splash of color in our garments, and the

wild flowers and green grass along the country roads. So we might live in Puritanic isolation and austere conventions, but there is a wholesome desire for the lighter, spicier, more fanciful, periodically in life.

Society is not necessarily an evil; it ought to be a blessing. But we must keep this ever in our minds, namely, that while society meets this need of our natures, society never creates great characters. Society seeks such with which to grace itself, and make itself more attractive. Society seeks the witty, the wealthy, the gifted in beauty and charms, that with them it may make itself more luminous. Society seeks amusement; a song, a story, a cancan, a pirouette or a wild rigadoon. But men become wise, great or good by isolation, solitude, study and research.

Just as there is a central sun in our solar system, so there is a central source of all life; as the central sun gives all the light we have, so the central soul gives all the life we have. When we light the fire we know we have a stray ray from the sun, and each is a

stray ray from the life of God! And as the life of man comes from God, only God himself can nourish that life at its roots. Our lives depend on Him from whom they originally came. Passing the dwelling of a friend one day I saw the little daughter sticking cut flowers into the gravel on the walk in the front yard, making a flower plot for her doll. She had showed considerable artistic skill in the arrangement of circles and squares. But the next time I passed the house the flowers were all wilted and withered, and turned black under the heat of the sun. These flowers had wilted because they had been separated from the source of their life, and the noblest and highest life in the human soul is certain to wither and blacken if separated from the life of its root—God! A stream will soon dry up, leaving only the gleaming sand in the river bed unless there be the supply from the foot-hills and mountains. And so the life of the soul, unless there be the inflowings from the heights. As the sunbeam must perish when cut off from connection

with its source, the sun, so the life of the spirit of man if cut off from the Sun of righteousness! God is the source and fountain of all moral life and light. Man must never become cut off from the source of his being—if he does then comes the death of all the faculties and powers which distinguish him from the beasts. If he does then his glory departs!

There stands a new locomotive engine. It has just been run out of the round house; it is the pride of the shop, and the glory of the engineer who sits in the cab with his hand on the lever. It is a marvel of mechanical genius and skill. Every plate and rod is polished until it reflects the light. But that engine is an inert, helpless piece of complicated machinery. It is absolutely useless and powerless until the fire is in the box and the water in the boiler, and the steam generated to pound upon the piston-heads. Then under the intelligent management of the engineer it pulsates and throbs with distended nostrils, breathing flames and bearing burdens across

the plains and over the mountains to the centers of the world's commerce, which would make a million strong men stagger. That engine is an emblem of human life. It is splendid in its genius of invention, marvelous in its execution, but until the power of God pounds in upon the piston-heads of human nature it is inert and useless.

But when the power of a life from above comes down on human character, then that character becomes a moral Ajax who can bear the burdens of the suffering sons of men on his own brawny shoulders and become a saviour to his fellows! And—

"How'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good—
Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Seeing we shall only pass through this world once, let us do all the good we can as we go.

To Modern Woodmen of America

Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again. This is the advise of the world's *Master* mechanic. Of him whose mission it is to build character as enduring as the sun.

In the essentials of character God puts a premium on being great. This text is hung out before our vision as a master motive to noble conduct and large heartedness. But this is not an isolated maxim, the scriptures are full of such sentiments. "Give and it shall be given unto you." "Seek and ye shall find." "Cast your bread upon the waters and after many days it will return unto you again." "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is mete, but it tendeth to poverty." When it comes to the essentials

of life it may be said of men as of God, that giving doth not impoverish and withholding doth not enrich. It is always the wisest way to give the best and the noblest one has, because in doing that it will return with increase! It bears compound interest.

"Phillips Brooks, speaking on this subject, illustrated the working of the law in its application to nature. He imagines three men standing in the same field and looking around them. One of the men exclaims, 'How rich!' another cries, 'How strange!' while the third says, 'How beautiful!' They divide the field between them and at the end of a year you come back and see what nature has given these men. The first asks you to look at his barn bursting with the rich harvest, the second shows you a museum filled with all kinds of wonderful things, and the third says, 'Let me read you my poem.' Each man has got what he gave. Each meets the rebound of his own life. And so it is in every department of life. If we bring kind-

ness and generosity and the spirit of unselfishness to the world, we shall in time get back kindness and generosity and unselfishness, for with what measure we meet it shall be measured to us again."

My intention this morning is to apply this text to a few variant phases of life and to see if it holds good. If it does, then in its observation and fulfillment you will be better "Woodmen," better citizens and better men.

I

Looking at this text in its application to the social side of life we can see that society acts upon this basis. If we stop to consider it we will find that society is like a mountain with an echo in it. If one laughs, the mountain will laugh back at him; if he raves, it will rave again; and if he storms at it, it will storm at him in turn. It is like a baby in the arms of the nurse. If she scowls it cries, and if she smiles it chuckles. It was, we are told in the early records of the race, because Esau was a rough man whose hand was against every man that every man's hand

was against him. And a few weeks since a representative of the largest "trust" in the world stood before the faculty and students of Brown University and explained to them the rationale or philosophy of trust building, comparing it to the horticulturist's method of producing the American Beauty rose. He told them that the rose bush brought forth ten thousand rose-buds, and in order to get the American Beauty at the top the gardener pinched back and killed the other nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety and nine; and, so also that in order to build up his trust the smaller and weaker firms and companies had to be sacrificed. His "trust" was the American Beauty among the corporations of the world. That was a pagan sentiment; in its utterance he was defying the moral sense of the Christian world. And then when this same trust offered to give away one hundred thousand dollars for Christian missions, there was a storm of letters and editorials and sermons against the acceptance of it from one end of the land to the other.

The cry that went up was scorn—it called his money "tainted." But there was another man who, turning his back on the wealth and refinement of the world, gave himself up to traveling about, working at his trade of making tents as he went, that he might preach the gospel of Jesus to the slaves and soldiers and sailors and cowboys and plowboys, as well as to the townsmen and gownsmen of the countries through which he passed, and the world gives itself back to him calling him the apostle to the nations! So John Wesley and Father Damien gave themselves to the people of their own age and are on that account revered all around the world. Jesus Christ gave himself to sinners, and sinners through all the ages and all the nations continue to give themselves to him. Thus it is true that with whatsoever measure you mete it shall be measured unto you again. If one like the trust magnate takes the attitude of defiance, and like a big, brusk, burly bully seeks to conquer all he meets, immediately all others take the same view of the matter,

accept the challenge and stand forth with clenched fists in defiance; but if one comes to the world with a genial smile on his face and sympathy in his heart, all get a telepathic sense of the spirit in him and assume the same attitude towards him. In fact this is the attitude of God himself towards men; for more than once we read in the scriptures such passages as these: "With the pure thou wilt show thyself pure, and with the perverse thou wilt show thyself perverse." "Draw nigh unto me and I will draw nigh unto you, saith the Lord."

II

If we apply this to the intellectual side of life, we find the same truth. The boy or girl who during school years lolls over the lessons, neglecting to give himself or herself to the books, will find that the books will give themselves but sparingly to him or her. The pupil who puts little of himself into the work will find the work will put little into him. While he who gives himself up to his book, challenging every allusion, every illustration,

every reference, re-reading whatever seems to him obscure and concentrating his attention on it until he has exhausted the thought, will not only enlarge his stock of knowledge but also gain mental force and be, by so much, the better prepared to take up and master the next subject; for every fact assimilated will assist him to capture and to conquer other facts; every truth gained will introduce him to other truths, because it is with truth and fact as with men; no fact or truth liveth to itself, and no fact or truth dieth to itself. God has not only made all men of one blood, but likewise He has made all truth of one blood, and having made the acquaintance of one truth it will constantly introduce you to others, its brothers and half brothers and cousins and half cousins. The more subjects you become acquainted with the easier it will be for you to know the rest; they will come smiling to you, assuring you they are related to other old friends of yours. But if you slight them they will certainly slight you; for with whatever measure you mete it shall be

measured to you again. Give yourself to Wisdom and Wisdom will give herself unto you, for Wisdom crieth in the streets saying, "I love them that love me."

Would you know the joy of learning? The luxury of knowing? Then you must give yourself to study; you must be content to spend the nights while others sleep, gleaning from the fields of thought the sheaves of truth. You must be willing to endure poverty, wear the old coat, and perhaps be hungry; but if you are willing to study while others take rest or recreation, to spend the money for the new book which others spend for the new coat, you shall receive good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over.

Yet it were better to have a full head and an empty wardrobe than vice versa. When young Erasmus wrote, "First I buy Greek books and then clothes," it was evident he was bent upon cutting a figure in the world of letters rather than in the world of society, where sometimes the only philosophy known

is "the philosophy of clothes." Empty purses are not such a calamity as empty brains. The track along which the wheat-laden train goes east from the North Dakota plains is carpeted with a garment of green velvet, because it spills out some wheat which grows and waves in the wind; but the empty cars coming back, because they are empty pass over a barren, sun-scorched road bed. Thus is it on the pathways of the world with full and empty minds!

III

Shall we apply this principle to the material side of life? Then the same holds good. It was while the widow of Zarephath was gathering a few sticks to bake her last cake and to eat it with her son and die, because there was no more meal or oil to be had, that she met the prophet of Israel and divided her scanty store with him, that she found her meal did not decrease or her oil fail. It was while the disciples broke their last loaf among the multitude that it was so increased they took up more in fragments when done serving than they

possessed before they began to feed the multitude. And Jesus tells us plainly that to him that hath *used* what he hath shall be given, and from him that hath not *used* what he hath shall be taken away even that which he hath. If there is one thing more than another which has made this nation great it is this very reciprocal philosophy of life. She has divided with all the neighboring nations of the earth; she has thrown open her gates and said to all, "Come in." And the infusion of strange bloods, the meeting of strange races, the combination of new energies and ideals as a stimulant has brought forth the strongest and most capable race on the face of the globe. While Japan was a hermit nation she was weak and would have finally perished; but when she threw open her ports to the world and allowed them to share in her trade and commerce, there was given a new impulse to her own life which has culminated in the splendor, the glory, the freedom that today is Japan. And our own industrial greatness—our mines and merchandise; forges and

factories are what they are because we have invited the world to share our wealth. We share our coal fields and ore fields and farm lands with the world and are blessed with abundance. We have silver and gold and coal and corn and iron enough for ourselves because we shared them with others. This truth that if we give it shall be given unto us seems as clear as sunshine tested from what angle of vision we will.

IV

This is true tested by the spiritual side of our natures. The Master of all mysteries has said, "To whom little is forgiven the same loveth little. And whosoever is forgiven must loveth much." If we give ourselves to Jesus Christ He will give Himself back to us. The little children in His day gave themselves to Him in gladness of heart, and he gave Himself to the children and is giving Himself to them still, until all around this globe the praises of His glory are lisped at the bedside before going to sleep by the black and white children, the yellow and copper-colored

children, in the mansion, the cabin and the tepee in the wilds. Today fifteen millions of children and youth linger with wonder over the love story of His life, while in prayer and song they worship and adore Him. John gave himself in the totality of his affection to Jesus, and Jesus has immortalized John and sent him down through the ages of history as "that disciple whom Jesus loved!" Paul surrendered himself to Christ on the way to Damascus, and gave himself up the prisoner of the Lord, and Jesus stood by Paul in all the trials of his future life, giving Himself to him in every hour of need, until in the last hour Paul sang out his questions in the conviction of certain triumph: "What shall separate me from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, nakedness, famine or sword?" No; neither can "things present nor things to come!" Like Stephen, he saw Jesus holding for him a crown of life when he came to face death. Give Him your sins and He will give you Himself—salvation from sin—give Him your thoughts and He will clothe them with

chastity, beauty and peace; give Him your heart, your confidence—your love—and He will give you His infinite love. He stands pleading with you, with outstretched, bleeding hands, saying: "Son, give me thine heart!" And surely it is clear that if we give ourselves largely to Him, He will give Himself to us in all His fullness and power; for "with whatsoever measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," is His own word.

And His word is eternally true!

"If any lift of mine may ease
The burden of another,
God give me love, and care, and strength,
To help my toiling brother."

Willard Memorial.

We are gathered together here in the name of God and in the name of human hearts all around this world of ours that love the name and memory of our most illustrious country woman, to commemorate her life and love and labors. Some people would say, to commemorate her death, but I will not say that. For love is everlasting as God is everlasting, and Frances E. Willard was the embodiment of love. She is no more dead than a man is dead when he wakens out of a troubled dream into the actualities and realities of every day life and goes out to work. She is no more dead than the larva is dead when it grows into a butterfly, leaves the dark cocoon and goes out on golden wings to bathe in the sunshine, to drink sweet draughts from the bosom of the flower, and to roam freely over all the gardens and meadows of earth. When she left us she went into life and joy and beauty—she was born into bliss. And we are

here to commemorate her life and labors while among us.

This woman was our mother in all the essentials of motherhood; and we do well to preserve her memory. I know how easy it is to exaggerate the good qualities in those we love, and so will try to guard against an overstatement of the greatness and the goodness of Frances E. Willard. I believe we have enough history concerning Deborah to pass a judgment upon her, and we can not allow ourselves to think, great and herolike as was that ancient Hebrew woman, that she was the woman we would take as our ideal of womanhood. She was heroic; she was a great commander; she did a great work, and will live in history as long as history lives. But she is not our ideal. There was so much of the masculine fibre in her mind and methods that we can not accept her as our ideal woman. We have a very clear account of the devotion of Ruth to her mother and her husband. We see so much of the tenderness and the sweetness and the distinctively femi-

nine in her that instinctively we love her, and she will live in the annals that commemorate the heart and the affections as long as heart affections live. Ruth was sweet, pure, true, noble and lovable, but she was shrinking; she was a winsome and tender nature that clung to her mother with the trust and faith and fondness of a child. There have come across the ages to us some snatches of the sweet songs of Sappho. We see in her a soul that shines with the passionlessness of the evening star. Among those of her own people and her own age she shimmers in quivering shafts of light as the moon does on the surface of a summer lake. Sappho, the beautiful in song, enchants us even yet, with her sweet melody. Her life thrills in thousands of maidens still, who have never learned to express themselves, or to interpret to themselves the movements of their souls. Sappho was great in beauty and in love. We know something of the life and power of the last of the Ptolemies, rightly called—her Father's fame —or, Cleopatra. Her beauty and brilliancy

has been sung by Shakespeare and by Dryden, in Antony and Cleopatra, and all for love. We know she entered the intellectual arena with kings and conquered them; she staked all on her passions and lost her game, but was great enough to secrete an asp in a bunch of roses on her bosom and at the right time allow it to bite her and end her life rather than allow herself to decorate a conqueror's triumph. Our hearts are still stirred within us when we read or hear recounted the faith and the heroisms of the Maid of Orleans. How she marshalled the fragments of French patriotism and led them a victorious host against the enemies of her loved native land, and lifted her king into the respect of his people; her nation into the respect of the world, and her own name into the brightest pages of the world's history, and linked it with the martyrs and prophets and saviours of mankind for evermore! Nor can we forget the noble young Esther, who jeopardized her life for the good of her people, going into the presence of an oriental monarch unbidden,

and the tact she used to gain her point, by first gaining the hearts of the men who could help her in her great undertaking. Esther is the marvel of modest diplomacy and consecration to a providentially imposed task. A great and noble woman, who offered herself as a sacrifice on the altar of her country and her God! Then, too, we have had in our list of noble, great and good women, Hypatia, with her marvelous intellect and her devotion to knowledge, a beautiful maiden, teacher of Greek philosophy in the city of Alexandria; a chaste and high-born girl seeking to redeem the world from ignorance to wisdom, from follies to philosophy, torn into fragments by the ignorant zeal of a half crazy mob. Our race has possessed these women and many more who have done excellently; but Frances E. Willard stands head and shoulders above them all, like Saul among the prophets.

When the English poet wished to show the superiority of his fellow countrymen over the

products of Greece and Rome he wrote concerning Homer and Virgil and Milton:

"Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both, the last.
When the force of nature could no farther go,
To make a third she joined the other two!"

And so only by comparison with all the other women who have charmed the world can the superiority of our heroine be brought into bold relief. She possessed all the fire and heroism of Deborah, without her crudeness and cruelty; all the feminine sweetness and trustfulness of Ruth, without her clinging sense of dependence; all the sweetness of Sappho's soul, all her poetic refinement and pathos without her looseness of life; she had all the power of Cleopatra over the masculine mind and heart, without ever using it for unworthy or ignoble ends; all the clearness of brain of Hypatia with a philosophy of life divine by comparison with the philosophy

of the Greek; and all the natural piety and patriotism of Joan of Arc, without her national narrowness or superstition. Solomon might well have had her in his mind when he broke out with ecstacy, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." Or Shakespeare when he made Ferdinand say: "For several virtues have I liked several women; never any with so full soul but some defect in her did quarrel with the noblest grace she owned, and put it to the foil; but you, O, you! So perfect and so peerless, are created of every creature's best." This woman was the consummate flower of all the ages of Christian culture, Christian nature and training. She went up the steep places of thought and feeling and inhaled the air as if she was native born among the clouds. Where others had to scramble and clamber with labored exertion she went with ease and grace. She was peer of such men as Joseph Cook and such women as Mary A. Livermore in intellectual power, and their superior almost infinitely in heart power. She tells us herself

that she always associated religion and perfume in her mind. And her life has exhaled sweeter perfumes than ever came from the spices of Araby! The first thing she ever committed to her memory was the first chapter of the Gospel of John, and the second was the hymn, "A Charge to Keep I Have." The first was taught her by her mother, and the second by her father. And when these two sentiments became the warp and woof of a young life, the result was Frances E. Willard.

Were all the world's women gathered into a group, and worth given the place of prominence, then Frances E. Willard would have the center place in the world-group of women. She gathered more to listen to her tell the story of wrong intemperance is doing to the homes and lives of men and women, in Exeter Hall in London, England, and created more enthusiasm than did the matchless oratory and eloquence of Henry Ward Beecher when he was over there telling men of the struggles between the North and the South. Leaders in Parliament and Roman Catholic dignitaries;

English churchmen and labor unions were on the platform with Methodists, Congregationalists, Baptists and Salvation Army people to listen to and assist her to thrill the audiences that gathered before her.

In 1874, when she was without money and out of work, she received two letters in the same day, and found one of them offered her a situation in a great college with a salary of two thousand four hundred dollars attaching, and the other asking her to become President of the Chicago branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union with nothing attaching, and this woman, without money and with a mother to support, elected to take the latter. She was the first woman in the world who was a college president; she was also the first person in the United States who brought the women of the North and of the South together on one platform after the war. It was at Washington that North and South met and clasped hands for the first time since the men had met as foemen on the battlefields, but in the persons of their wives, sisters and daughters

they met and planned and prayed together under the presidency of Frances E. Willard. She organized the largest body of women the world has ever seen federated together for any purpose. She has belted the globe with the white ribbon. This woman touched into life and power the intellects of two thousand young men and women whom she met as a teacher. These going out into the world with the imprint of her spirit on them must have caused a great ground swell for truth and goodness. In one year she traveled thirty thousand miles, visiting every State and Territory of the Union, and for twelve years she held an average of one meeting a day. So I repeat, that in a group of the great women of the world Miss Willard would be the center-piece. From her earliest recollections she seems to have felt the prophetic fire in every fibre of her being; the call to apostolic service; and with her hand on the wheel of destiny she has steered the frail canoe of reforms up the great waterways of the World's thought and feeling, getting her face and

hands torn frequently by the briers of overgrown ignorance and the thorns of prejudice, and having the poisonous weeds of misunderstanding and the nettles of criticism to endure. But nevertheless, she piloted the canoe up and on toward the light and width of a whole continent and on out across the world. And now it is on the waterways of every nation. As the farmers along the Rhine where the current is strongest anchor their grist mills in the middle of the river and make it grind their food, this woman placed herself in the strong current of God's providence and plans, and the result was she has ground out such a grist of food for reflection for "God and home and every land" as this world has never seen before. Congress has unveiled a statue of her in the national capitol—but her monument is seen everywhere. As a spectator in Saint Paul's Cathedral in London reads on a slab: "If you wish to see the monument of Sir Christopher Wren, look about you," so we may say to all the world, if you wish to see Frances Willard's monument, look about you,

and there you will see Christian Temperance Unions and white ribbons tied into bows over the hearts of some of the best womanhood of the world.

You may have read that philosophically sarcastic saying of the old Greek Tyrant, that his baby boy ruled the world, explaining his remark by pointing out that the baby ruled the mother and the mother ruled him, he ruled Athens and Athens ruled the world—so the baby ruled the world. That boy who ruled his mother, and mother who ruled her husband, and husband who ruled Athens are all dead now. But it is emphatically true that Frances Willard shall rule the world. She shall rule the mothers of the United States, and these women the rest of the women, because motherhood is best; and the rest rule the men of the United States, and the men of the United States rule the world in thought and power of intellect, and these are the forces on the last analysis that rule everywhere. For mark you, the rulers of the world must not hereafter rely so much on

physical force as on mental and moral force. Heretofore victories were won on battlefields vocal with the shrieks and the groans of dying men; the awful confusion and thunder of hot-lipped cannon, and lurid with garments rolled in blood. But now with electrical appliances to keep in constant communication with all parts of the world; with wireless telegraphy to keep posted as to the movements of the enemy; with aerial photography to show his camp and disposition, and with smokeless powder, men will hesitate more and more to go into the awful agony of battle, and rulers will not be any longer able to enlist men to fight under such conditions for any cause that will not appeal to them as righteous and just. Even the stupid Russian peasant has made this plain and has thereby taught crowned heads a magnificent lesson. Hence in the future the battles of humanity will tend more and more to battles of intellect. Men can not any longer hurl their armies against other nations just to gratify their personal pique or whim, or like Fredrick the Great, to make a

name; rulers will have to give their reasons for appeal to the arbitrament of sword and shell.

And you women, if you only knew it, are in possession of the best weapons of warfare ever invented since the days of Tubal Cain. You have now the temperance physiology in the public schools of the country. Now this great union of sister states has put temperance instruction as part of the curriculum into the public school, and a temperance physiology in the school is aerial photography that exposes the work of the enemy in the fibre and the tissue of the body and brain. Few boys or girls who see this photograph will when grown allow the enemy to mount such hellish enginery in their communities for the destruction of their bodies and the damnation of their souls. Ideas are after all the best smokeless powder—there is nothing yet known to science that is quite as powerful an explosive as an idea. It has more power to blow up the fortifications and breastworks of your enemy than all the dynamite in the arsenals of all the nations of the world, and

it is noiseless as it is smokeless. And you have a full complement of good ideas. Use them and explode the hellgates of your enemy. Then, too, you have the electric dynamo of truth. Just keep on throwing your electric light over into the camp of the enemy and he will eventually be compelled to evacuate. There is nothing he so hates and dreads as light and truth. Make him public. Agitate to have him take down his shades, and let the people see what he is doing, and you will conquer him. Publicity is the thumb-screw and the Scotch boot and the contracting walls that advance slowly, but surely, until the enemy must get out or be crushed. Agitate for publicity!

The temperance cause has long ago made its sacrifices and it finds the "omens" all propitious.

I

The first omen is this: The introduction of the Australian ballot box. The private booth in which to scratch names that are displeasing is a mighty force for right and

truth. About the Fourth of July and election time in campaign speeches we hear this is a free country; that this is a democracy, and the man who goes to the Presidential chair goes there by the will of a free people, and is the executor of a free man's vote. In the past that may have been so, or it may have been about as substantial stuff as dreams are made of; it may be beautiful and sentimental moonshine. How it works in the cases of men who are employed in grocery stores, printing offices, cotton mills and brickyards, who unless they vote the ticket the employer wishes voted find other men who did so vote in their places the next week! Any one may imagine how a man with a family would feel, just how free he would be to cast his ballot, while his employer was of another political complexion, moderator of the meeting or overseer of the ballot-box. In Frenzied Finance we hear of millions disbursed to decide doubtful thinking states. But the Australian ballot-box method has come. This is the first propitious omen.

II

The next omen propitious is that the whole motherhood of the country is against the saloon. Motherhood has a terrible might, and motherhood is pushing the saloon with the relentlessness of fate. When mother-love puts itself into any cause, that cause is sure finally to succeed. In an old and barbarous state of Slav society, when a castle was to be built, there was first a trench dug for the foundation, and then the handsomest woman in all the region round about was sought out and taken to the place and offered in sacrifice, her blood being poured out into that trench. There was a firm conviction that that castle could never be successfully stormed or taken because it was built on the woman's blood. Just brush away the rubbish from this old barbaric conception—this heathen practice—and you will reveal a sublime truth. That is, into whatever cause noble womanhood pours her blood, that cause can never be defeated; and how the noble womanhood of our land has been pouring life-blood into the cause of Temperance

for the destruction of the saloon! There are mothers who have lying in manuscript form in their hearts the story of the cross! Had we the key to the hieroglyphic characters on the faces of mothers, we could read the whole story of vicarious atonement. I know something of the solicitude of one mother for her son, but only God can feel the depth of the love of motherhood!

There is that old legend of the Cretans compelling the Athenians to send them yearly tribute of young men and maidens to feed the Minotaur which lived in the labyrinth and devoured them alive. At last Theseus went into the labyrinth and slew this monster, half bull and half man. This monster was the offspring of corruption, and Theseus was a high-born youth. Again, when we strip this of its poetry, what is it but the statement that the saloon is the monster—a cross between lust and license—lurking in the labyrinths of society, devouring the fairest and the best of our youth; and that the motherhood of the land proposes to enter the labyrinth and slay

this monster! There may still be unjust judges who fear not God nor regard man, but will God not avenge His own elect who cry unto Him day and night? "I tell you He will avenge them speedily." As Darius the Persian had a servant stand behind him continually and whisper in his ear, "Sire, remember the Athenians!" so the womanhood of this nation is constantly crying into the ears of the voters and the legislators and rulers of the people, "Remember the Saloon!" As the Roman general, Porcius Cato, opened every public speech with the words, "Carthage must be destroyed," so the women of the country are learning to repeat in public speech and in private prayer, "The saloon must be destroyed!" while the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church say, "Amen! It cannot be legalized without sin."

III

The third omen, propitious, is that God is always on the side of right. If we are on the side of right we may be—

"Beaten back in many a fray,
Yet ever strength we borrow,
Where the van-guard camps today
The rear will rest tomorrow!
'Tis weary watching, wave on wave;
But still the tide heaves onward!
We build like coral, grave on grave—
But pave a pathway sunward!"

For

"Right is right, since God is God!
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!"

Let us stand by the right, simply because it is the right, and God will stand by us. We owe it to ourselves, to our God and to our fellows. Generations yet to be will bless you for your heroisms and struggles. For the sake of posterity we must be true. If Esther or Daniel had shrunk from the conflict for the right, what then had been the fate of the whole Jewish race? What had been our fate without our Christ or His religion? If the

Man of Sorrows Himself had been untrue in the hour of His trial and His sufferings, what had been the fate of the human race? If the Athenians had been cowardly on the battlefield of Marathon, what would have been the fate of the liberties of Europe? If the heroes of Concord's field, and Bunker's crest, and Saratoga's plain had failed, what had been our fate? O, spirits of the departed heroes, inspire us all with an undying love for, and loyalty to, the right!

For if 'tis true that we have—

"Right forever on the scaffold, and wrong forever on the throne,"

'Tis also true—

"That scaffold rules the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God among the shadows,
Keeping watch above His own!"

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

McKinley Memorial

"For joy that a man is born into the world."

I take these words this morning as the base of a few remarks on this occasion, not because I intend, strictly speaking, to use them as a "text" from which to preach a sermon, but that they may act as priming to start a train of thought.

The presence of this great congregation with a common desire in their hearts to celebrate the natal day of William McKinley, who like David of old, after he had served his own generation, by the will of God fell on sleep, must be a matter of great gratification not only to those whose thoughtfulness arranged for this service, but also to every right thinking man and woman.

I say William McKinley, of set purpose, leaving off all titles of distinction or honor or office, because it is the memory of the man which today we seek to respect and cherish.

Very true, we might with equal propriety pay our tribute to the memory of the citizen, the statesman, the President. But this is not the anniversary of the day on which he began his career as a statesman; not of the day on which he was exalted to the elevated position of "President." It is the anniversary of the day of his birth.

We are here today "for joy that a man was born into the world." We are here to show our respect for and appreciation of that man. For after all it is the man rather than the officer, or the occupant of the position of influence or place of power who has made a place for himself in the world's heart as well as in its history. When a good man is born into the world there is an addition made to the sum-total of goodness, and every other life is so much the more enriched thereby, and the oftener we commemorate the memory of a great man, a noble sentiment or a heroic achievement, the more our own spirits are quickened and our wills stimulated to emulate greatness, nobleness, heroism.

Nor should the humblest and most obscure of us all, on account of any feelings of disparity, refrain from struggling to emulate the most honored citizen or the most exalted virtues, since in a republican government all things are possible to the pure heart, the purposeful life, the dominant will; and in the moral government of the world, if we fail, the effort itself will compensate us richly for all the toil, for in the moral realm the struggle to succeed, and not the success itself is the crown of glory. The effort put forth in the emulation of what is noble, praiseworthy, true and good has its reward always in the accumulation in our natures of mental, moral, spiritual brawn, a sturdy consciousness of rectitude of purpose and chastity of ideals—character.

Each one honors himself, then, while he honors the humble son of toil who clambered up from obscurity and poverty to the highest position in the possession of the greatest and freest people in the world. So, I repeat, it is not the official but the man whose nativity

we commemorate this morning. He was not a man because he was successful; because he was President of this United States; he was successful and President because he was a man—a man in every instinct of him and in every inch of him—a man through and through. And because there was the true ring in him, which was given forth under every impingement and test, the people of the nation lifting him on their shoulders sat him in the highest position, trusting his head and heart with the grave responsibilities of state and his hand with power; for with all their faults and foibles there is nothing which the free people of this great nation so much admire as sterling, manly qualities, no matter where they are found. He entirely misreads the signs of the times and misunderstands the temper and heart of the people who supposes it was by any other cause than because Theodore Roosevelt was known to be unhesitatingly, unequivocally, uncompromisingly, everywhere and always a man, that he was borne back to office on the

crest of a wave of popular admiration, white with the foam of freemen's ballots.

The Chaldean rulers had a shrewd device for testing the honesty of their servants. They used to write, or more correctly stamp, their documentary matter upon clay and then burn it into bricks, then they covered these with another layer of soft clay and stamped the same on this outer covering, and burned both. When anyone was suspected of having tampered with the outer coating, or envelope, the outside casing was knocked off and the delinquent brought face to face with his guilt by the record underneath. Now the case has changed; the shoe is on the other foot. It is the people—the sovereign people—who insist that the heart of the public servant shall correspond with the exterior; that the outside and the inside of the man shall agree; as our Lord puts it when speaking of the wisdom of putting a new patch on an old garment, they must "symphonize." There is little place among us now, and there is bound to be less,

for shoddy, for sham and pretense, for party sentiment, for hollow professions. There is a demand for men who are genuine to the core. There are many old manuscripts, known as "palimpsests," which had matter on them, which matter the monks scraped off when they were short of parchment, and now we have found out that by subjecting these manuscripts to certain chemical reagents and the microscope, the original matter shows through and can be read, and frequently it does not read very much like the gospel on the surface of them. And the modern world has found upon close inspection, under the power of certain reagents which act as chemical solutions on human conduct and cause the motives of men to show through, that there have been here and there among us in the public service "palimpsests" of the genus homo. There used to be a place for such men in the world's activities—some people suspect, especially in politics—but that day, thank God, is passing, if indeed it has not already gone. Today the world has little use

for the man who is simply veneered on the exterior with civilization and Christianity, while the core of him is barbarous and the instincts of him are pagan. The public man who pleads now to the jurisdiction of the ten commandments, in politics or anywhere else in the public service, from postmaster general to pound master, will not await very long for a rude awakening, for whatever the modern world may have gained or lost through the first Napoleon, it has learned one lesson from him, and now when men go into action it sends the "donkeys to the rear."

So we celebrate the birthday of William McKinley, the man. He showed his humanity in his aversion for war. That also was one of the predominant characteristics of that other famous Irishman, Daniel O'Connell. O'Connell was in Paris studying law when the French Revolution broke out, and stayed there a close observer through those terrible times, until his friends, alarmed for his safety, insisted that he should come home; and what he saw there sickened him forever of war

and bloodshed, and made it possible for him later to dissuade acres of wild peasantry in Ireland to desist from acts of violence, even when they were wrought into frenzy beneath the powerful torrents of his own fiery eloquence, indignant at their oppressions. And it may be that William McKinley came by his loathing for the effusion of human blood in a similar manner. He sprang from a line of men who never shirked the responsibilities of their convictions. His progenitor paid the price of his patriotism with his blood, in the old town of Coleraine, in the North of Ireland, in the year 1798; and who can doubt that the memory of the sufferings of those troublous times was carried down to William McKinley by his people, who came to this country seeking freedom and sick at heart on account of the desolutions of insurrection in their native land. His horror of war may have come to him as an inheritance in his nervous system. His ancestors may have impressed it on his plastic nature as they did their own initials on the oak lintels and beams

of the old home in Derrykeighan, where they remain to be seen to this day. But when duty made it clear that war was necessary, then there was not the slightest irresolution, tendency to vacillation, indecision or wavering. For, singular as it may seem to those who have not passed through the ordeal, you gentlemen of the Grand Army of the Republic know it is the men who love peace most and hate war with the intensest hatred that make the most heroic soldiers. Such men always seek to evade the necessity of women's tears, the waste of money, the sufferings of children and old people, and the sacrificial holocaust of human lives which war involves; but when there is no honorable escape from these left, such men are immediately transformed into warriors and rush to battle with the momentum of righteous convictions, not counting their own lives dear unto themselves.

If we celebrated today the anniversary of the ex-President of the United States, all could join heartily in the ceremonies, for the President, no matter who he is, is not the

property of any one party or faction in politics, but the President of all the people; nor of one fraction or section of territory, but of all the country. Or if we celebrated the anniversary of William McKinley the Methodist, a larger number might unite with us, or, at least, a wider territory might be represented; it would take in all the continents of the earth and presumably all the islands of the sea. But we have yet a broader base for our celebration to rest upon; even the broad base of humanity. Hence all classes, complexions, creeds, conditions of men can join in glad acknowledgment to Almighty God for His goodness in giving to the world a—man. William McKinley belongs to the race!

It may be both fitting and interesting, at this time and in this place, to give some account of how the Methodist Episcopal Church in America came by the possession of William McKinley. When John Wesley, or John, of West Lea, made his evangelistic tour of Ireland, he produced a profound impression on the people of the North. Societies

of Wesleyans, or as they were called in that part of the country at first, "Glammers," sprung up and flourished. Young Adam Clarke, who seems to have had a respectable quantum of "the old Adam" in him, was converted by a Wesleyan minister, and, by his ability in preaching, and his proficiency in scholarship, made the old town of Coleraine as famous for its Methodism as it is for its linens. Coleraine became the head of a "circuit," and the "preacher," who of course lived in that city, had a "preaching-place" at Derrykeighan. One night in the fall or winter, when it was cold and dreary, the "preacher" at Coleraine excused himself from keeping his appointment at Derrykeighan, some six or eight miles away, for, as he reasoned, the night was dark and cold, the roads were bad, and if he went probably he would be the only one present that evening. But his wife—the wife of a Methodist preacher, God bless her! her name is not in the records of earth's great ones, but it will be found written in "The Lamb's Book of Life," when "the

books are opened'' in heaven—his wife encouraged him to go, anyway, and keep the appointment. When he got to the place of worship there were some eight or ten men present. To these the preacher talked informally. Among them was a young man who, in theology, was a Presbyterian, who had never made any profession of faith, but he had that night his ''ticket'' for a passage to America in his corduroy trousers' pocket. To this young man the ''preacher'' addressed himself, particularly pointing out to him the dangers involved in a long passage across the stormy Atlantic in a sailing vessel, and the wisdom of consecrating his life, there and then, to God. So the youth, kneeling among his neighbors and companions, committed himself and his interests, on land and sea, for time and eternity, for earth and heaven, to God and His worship—according to Methodism—and sailed the next day for America. That young man was forefather of William McKinley, the man upon whose cradle each of us lays a carnation this morning.

And the story of this young man's conversion and his descendant's usefulness should be to each an incentive to faithfulness; for no Christian worker who faithfully performs his duties in the fear of God knows who or what may be the result. And even those who seek to encourage and inspire others to diligence in the work of Christ may be instrumental in bringing souls to the cross who will perpetuate the pulsation of the heart of Jesus across the ages. Some Clarke, McKinley or Spurgeon, some Hampden or Cromwell or Lincoln may shine as a star in the crown of the humblest worker with a brilliance which will make a tallow flame of earth's flashing Kohinoors.

"O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime."

To the Young Men's Christian Association.

A pagan philosopher defined man as "a biped without feathers." But, as not infrequently happens, his imperfect classification was corrected by a joke. This world has never been without its wits and its wags, and Athens had hers. With true Athenian alertness he plucked a rooster stark naked and sent him strutting into the presence of the philosopher with the laconic remark: "There goes your man." The heathen philosophers thought man was not much better than a barn-yard fowl—the gobbler or the goose—he was looked upon as a blunder on the part of their gods. To them he was but a jelly-fish or a stomach. He was but an object of pity. The Romans who exposed their weak and sickly children to the frosts of winter on their hills or to the wild beasts, probably had a better physical type of men than we moderns. They called man "Vir"—the one of power.

The Greeks had a somewhat nobler conception of man than the Romans; they gave him credit for being more than a stomach; they pictured him by the name they gave him—*Anthropos*—as looking upward, longingly, toward the stars for companionship. But it is in the Hebrew scriptures and the New Testament that we find the true position of man in the universe. The genealogy of man is carefully given in the third chapter of the book of Luke, and it traces man up the stream of history until it comes to "Enos who was the son of Seth, who was the son of Adam, who was the son of God." That lets in a whole flood of light upon the nature and position of man in the universe. Man comes into the world "not in utter nakedness, but trailing clouds of glory" after him. And sober hiftory justifies this conception of both the evangelist and poet, for a true man—a son of God—sheds moral radiance about him in social and civil life as healing to moral ills as the breath of pine trees is to the lungs of the invalid. He makes life as clear as a crystal

tarn on the mountain side smitten through and through with sunshine.

But you have invited me here to speak to young men. Yes, to young men—

"For whose sakes all nature stands,
And stars their courses move!"

Every nation or tribe which has indulged in heliolatry has adored the rising sun. Young men are the morning sun of humanity. Whatever is human is interesting, whether it be a bit of fading folk-lore, a myth or a tradition, or whether it be a fragment of some fossil relic floated across to us on the agitated surface of the ages from some far off geologic era. The human has a subtle power over the imagination; but of all human things young life—young men—is the most interesting. The Master wisely placed a boy in the midst as a pattern. Youth is the moral sun in the heavens which has a long and glorious day before it; it comes forth rejoicing as a strong man to run a race! And what a race! When irradiated by the moral

glory and heroism streaming from the cross there is nothing in this world or any other world about which men dream, sing or speculate so admirable.

Milton was no less a psychologist than a poet when he declared the child shows the man as the morning shows the day. Youth time is the period in which the raw materials for the warp and woof of the subtle, exquisite or awful things of later life are condensing into what is called character. The books of Shakespeare, Victor Hugo and James Whitcomb Riley are declared by competent authorities to be but little more than the autobiography of their youth. Young men see visions; old men dream dreams; they dream of the "good old times" and live in the memory of the past, while youth looks forth and sees "the good time coming." Hope points forward and youth follows to find, in the glow of life's young morn, its Eden in the future. The face is set toward the Promised Land of the morrow! And, as you remember, the angel sent to speak with

Zachariah, was commanded to "run" and speak to that young man. Angels always seek interfiliation with young men. Only disobedience to the convictions of right and duty can break off diplomatic relations between the young man's soul and the angel.

The young man who joined a local band of music, but did not come to practice when the other members met on Saturday night because he was seeking to woo a young woman who was being sought in marriage also by another young man in the place, had a telephone message sent him one night by the others from the band room asking, "Are you holding your own, John?" He sent back this reply: "No; the old people won't go to bed." That young man is a type of every other in this, namely, that there is opposition to him in the pursuit of his ideal and that there are old things that will not sleep; things that sit up and stare at him, confounding him. Old habits, old passions, old sins, old associations, old ways, old companions that like Banquo's

ghost, will not down. They will not go to bed—they never sleep.

And yet, just because young men are young men, what they do must be done quickly. The bones in the body of youth are flexible, but no man ever became an acrobat who postponed practice until middle life. The mental and moral structure are also flexible, and those who are intellectually and morally agile have been spoken to in youth. Some angel in the form of man or woman or book has inspired such and given him a "set" which has been a life-long blessing. The bones in a man's body are not the only parts of him that harden with age. So the angel is sent to youth to save it from taking a "set" in the wrong direction. Napoleon Bonaparte on one occasion—I think it was during the battle of Waterloo—seeing some battalions come in late, cried out to his staff officers in rage: "Those fool Austrians don't know the value of seconds." This is another version of the angel's message, "Run, speak to that young man!" For in life as in war it

is the moments that make victory or defeat. If a man is to have a character worth the having, he must make it while he is young. And youth's sweet scented manuscript is short. Its romance is soon read. The stuff character is made out of is like plaster-of-paris and soon sets. What may be done in youth with comparative ease in plastic material, if neglected, can be done in after life, if done at all, only with the sharp edged chisel of determination on flinty, unyielding material.

As you love your lives, young men, look well to the paths you walk in, for the soft material of today which is receiving the impression you are making upon it, will in the future—on the morrow—set and become hard as adamantine rock. The foot-prints of prehistoric birds, which are found today in the hard rocks, were made in the soft mud along the shores of the lakes and seas and have hardened into stone. And just so the impress of every life will remain and harden as the days go by into an imperishable record of the paths in which the man has walked.

The mental, moral, affectional and spiritual will harden and crystalize into character and soul and witness for or against the man through all eternity. The effects of daily conduct upon character are somewhat like the effects of sympathetic ink on white paper. They immediately vanish from the eye, and the simple suppose they have perished forever; but just hold the paper to the fire, or subject it to the proper chemical test and the ink stands out as legible as the day it was written. The sting of a nettle we are told will burn for days afterward if it is brought into contact with water. The man who freezes his ears has a pleasant sensation while they are freezing, but the pain is terrible when they begin to thaw. You, my friend, are writing the history of your life on the fleshy tablet of your heart, and some day it will come out to view, and be known and read of all men. The sting of the evil deed dies down for a while, but it will revive again and bite like an adder some day. We have our choice now whether to brew honey or hemlock, but let us reflect upon this that we must drink

in age what we have concocted in youth. As the entrance into Paris by the Prussian army was declared by Prince Bismarck to be the psychologic moment in the war against France, so the present is the psychologic moment in the history of every man here in his war against the enemies which seek to beat him back and keep him out of rich possessions by conquest.

Modern science has shown that all color is simply vibration; that animals, like the chameleon, which take the color of whatever things they are among, do not put forth any effort or volition of will to accomplish that feat; they simply vibrate in unison with their surroundings and hence have the same hue and color. Permit me to suggest that this is one of the dangers which beset men, that they are liable to vibrate with their surroundings, to take on the same color and hence to become an empty echo. There is a constant temptation to us to become socially, intellectually, morally, spiritually, simply a pale reflection of what we find about us. Only by effort, by volition, by withstanding the seductions

of present sense gratification can we attain unto a physical, social, intellectual, moral or spiritual development—such fibre and brawn as shall insure a strong, independent personality. No man, who worships the double-headed snake of the Manicheans in this age of the world, can succeed. The poor ye have always with you who will hunt with the hounds and run with the hare; who will try to carry water on both shoulders; who will blow hot and cold at the same time; who will ask first concerning everything proposed, "Is it popular?" "Is it profitable?" Be ye not like them, but like the old Greek indignantly speak out, saying: "May his memory perish who first made a distinction between what is just and what is profitable." Be ye not like unto those who went through the bazars and market places in Jerusalem obsequiously asking, while they looked obliquely over both shoulders, "Have any of the rulers believed on Him?" Do your duty simply because it is your duty. Never calculate upon either favors or frowns.

"In this world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife!"

There is a story of a man named Danforth, which may point a moral if it does not adorn a tale, who, going into the battle of Antietam, confessed that he had not sand enough to see a rabbit die. As the action began Danforth sidled up to his officer and said: "Sergeant, kick me, or I'll bolt. If I can get mad I'll be all right," The sergeant says, "We were moving through the timber, and I stepped aside and lifted him twice, as hard as I could kick." Later, when men were falling thick and fast, Danforth came up and facing the other way, said: "More kicks, Sergeant; I know I have dropped two of them, but my sand is going." "I kicked him again," says the Sergeant, "with a good deal of vigor, and just then we got the order to advance. Danforth was the first man over the fence. Half an hour later we were driven back considerably disorganized, and as I reached the

fence I came across Danforth again. He had a captain by the collar with one hand and his sword in the other. When he saw me he called out, 'Sand all right, Sergeant, no more kicks. As soon as I take this chap to the rear I am going back!' '' There are all too many in life's battle who never strike a blow for the right until they are cuffed and kicked to it by an irate public opinion. Have courage! The Indians are not made more dangerous in war by their hideous paint, nor the Chinese forts harder to capture on account of their ferocious decorations. Such things only stampede the timid. Seize burly duty by the beard and it comes off in your hand, leaving you a fine faced, gentle companion.

Let every fibre of your beings vibrate in unison with what is noble, true and good, because that is right. Do ye right though the heavens fall; for if they do fall they will not kill you—you will be saved not so as by fire—but because of your position in the moral

universe, when the hour of final reckoning comes.

Therefore, in every attempt to align our lives with the forces of the universe, we must never forget that there is a Divine Providence watching over the right. That thought will tend to cool our feverishness of life and keep us calm and confident in the midst of agitations and confusions. Truly he has read history to little purpose who has not discovered the finger-prints of Providence on its pages. Do things just happen? If so they have somehow acquired the cunning knack of happening at very opportune times. They have a marvelous facility for happening at opportune points in space as well as in time. They happen generally at the times and places where they can best serve the ends of morality, virtue, truth! Jericho's walls just happen to tumble down while Joshua's men are blowing their rams' horns to proclaim their faith in God. A substitute ram just happens to become entangled by his horns in a thicket when Abraham had his hand lifted

to slay his son, and offer him a sacrifice to Jehovah on the fagots which the young man was carrying on his back. An Egyptian princess just happens to come to the bank of the river Nile to bathe, when a child which is later to reign and save two nations from famine, is being exposed to death in the waters among the crocodiles; and this royal princess just happens to take into her head the crazy notion that she shall take this waif home with her and bring the outcast Hebrew child up in the palace of the Pharaoh. But why multiply examples—the history of every nation abounds in them—they are not confined to Israel. If there be a god of chance, he must be very far-seeing. No, this world is not abandoned to chance or fate or fortune —it is ruled over by a Divine Providence—by a God of righteousness! Just let us remember this and it will be as a baldric of power about us in the hour of darkness, vacillation, temptation. Things do not happen! Napoleon's dictum that God is on the side of the heaviest battalions was reversed during the cannon-

ading and charges of Waterloo! He found then that the battalions on the side of which God was thereby had become the heaviest battalions! In every conflict with error and sin we may say as Joseph said to his brethren: "Ye meant it for evil to me, but God meant it for good."

Young men, you are facing a new epoch in the world's history. The former things have passed away. The world has passed through two well defined general epochs or stages during its path of human progress, and is now face to face with a third. The first was the age of brawn. Then whoever was the most fleet of foot and strong of arm was most likely to capture the prey in the chase or carry off the prize in combat. This was the age of Lamech, the striker, and Jared, the swift. Such a one was respected and obeyed; he was chosen captain of the company or king of the nation, because his power of persuasion resided in his club or knuckles. This was the age of giants—Goliath, Hercules, Atlas, Ajax. But

that age has passed away, being shorn of its power by the attributes of mind. The giant is a babe in strength compared to the locomotive engine, and Mercury and Jared have been beaten in the race by the telegraphic dispatch. The race is not any longer to the swift nor the battle to the strong; the age of brawn has passed, and thus one step is gained toward the time when "the meek shall inherit the earth."

The second stage was that of brain. Activity was manifested in all quarters to gain an education; to get the mind trained so it could wrestle with the questions of the time; so it could wring the secrets from nature; so it could compass the results of intellectual triumphs in discovery, invention and commerce. This led some men to a foxy kind of shrewdness—to taking advantage of duller witted and more ignorant or more conscientious competitors. Thus intellectualism degenerated into individualism and tended to make society a collection of lawless individual atoms. Nevertheless the genius for

money getting was almost worshipped then. Now, however, this wealth-acquiring clan is being called to face the revelations of its secret guilt. Brain-power for money-making has been weighed in the balance by the present generation and found wanting. Men are now awakening to the next phase of development; they are beginning to see, in a confused way, it is true as yet, but they are beginning to see nevertheless and know that it is not so much a new brain that is needed as a "new heart." The cloven tongues of Pentecost are already flaming about men's heads and they must be reckoned with hereafter. The shades of Ananias and Sapphira already disappear over the horizon of tomorrow from the business world.

In order to show that I am not going beyond the facts, let me call your attention to what is before us all. During the spring months of the present year the Cincinnati Enquirer pointed out that there were then eleven bankers in the State of Ohio behind prison bars, and seventeen more before the

courts on trial, many of whom have since been convicted and sentenced. "Bankers' row" in the penitentiary is well populated. I do not say these men are all guilty, but their prosecution and conviction show a quickened public conscience. Intellect is not king any more; it was dethroned the other day when a United States Senator from New York, its very embodiment and incarnation, was convicted of misappropriation of insurance funds. Money getting is not worshipped any more—that idol, Dagon-like, fell down and was badly fractured, so badly that all saw that it was stuffed with saw-dust, when Hyde, McCurdy and Depew were exposed. And the Pennsylvania Legislature, desirous of erecting a monument to the memory of a man named Quay, are meeting strenuous opposition from the people who vote. These things show the star of mere intellectual shrewdness is setting behind a very black cloud.

It is comfortable to know that the last of the three phases of development is upon us. That just as intellect dethroned brute force,

so now character, soul, spirit, is dethroning cold intellectual calculating. No man now worships it. The man of intellect who is devoid of soul is a sharper and will be given a wide berth in the future. If any one is inclined to doubt this let him consider why it came to pass that Theodore Roosevelt received the endorsement of such an enormous majority of the people of this nation at the last election; and then try to account to himself just why Folk, of Missouri, Deenen, of Illinois, LaFollette, of Wisconsin, Weaver, of Philadelphia, and Jerome, of New York, have risen into national prominence so speedily. Then he may inquire why insurance companies are refusing to insure the lives of men who drink; why in the last year two leading bond security companies have decided to refuse to go on the bond of any man who gambles! The most influential man in the future will be the man who has the purest heart. The future king among his fellows will have the noblest soul! Not muscle, nor intellect, nor wealth, but spirit will

be the dominant note on the world's tomorrow.

The body is good and the mind is good, but the spirit in us is the one supreme—the one permanent—the one eternal element which is to be regnant and dominant through infinite ages. All things exist for the spirit. The spirit is the all-important fact. Take care of the spirit! The spirit will remain when all externals and accidentals, such as fame, wealth, power, have tumbled into chaos and final ruin! Who does not know of the gentle George Herbert? His songs are in the air everywhere. His spirituality perpetuates his name and fame! But who knows anything of his infidel brother? Yet George was a humble country parson, and the brother was Lord Herbert! The godly shall be held in everlasting remembrance, but the memory of the ungodly shall perish. The spiritually minded man's memory shall remain green when the memory of the sensuous and sensual shall be obliterated in dark oblivion!

Those who have stood in the Capitoline

Museum in Rome will remember that while the place is stuffed to the eaves with gods and goddesses, emperors and empresses, there is not one of them but what is fractured, maimed, dismembered. But standing among them as they jostle one another like cattle in a stampede on a western plain, there is a solitary female figure, a Roman maiden, in the attitude of prayer. That praying maiden has escaped the wreck of ages, and stands amid the remnants of the ruins of ancient Rome, God's parable in marble, teaching that all other actions and passions are doomed to destruction and final oblivion; and that whatever is hallowed by faith and prayer is immortal, imperishable! That love and faith and prayer endure! That "the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal!"

JUDAS ISKARIOTH

! !

Demons grinned while Judas sinned
Against his loving Lord;
But O! their spite that awful night—
Their hot hate singed the cord.

Judas Iskarioth.

"What will you give me and I will deliver Him unto you?"—Matthew XXVI:15.

Attempts have been made to exonerate John Andre; to excuse Ivan the Terrible; to apologize for Nero, and to justify Judas Iscariot. But the one man in history concerning whom there can be no honest doubt, is Judas. It is childish, if not worse, for men to try, as some have tried to argue extenuation for the conduct of Judas, that he knew, in some dim way, that Jesus was to live and conquer, after He was killed, and that he accepted the money of enemies intending to laugh at their chagrin when they were outwitted.

The scripture references to Judas are few, but they all point one way. Every utterance concerning him reads like a knell of doom. Jesus apologized for the sleeping disciples in the hour of His human loneliness and agony and blood in Gethsemane, saying, "The spirit

is willing but the flesh is weak." On the cross He prayed for His murderers: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." But our Lord never speaks of Judas except in such terms as are calculated to make the blood run chill. "One of you is a devil!" "Woe unto him by whom the Son of man is betrayed; good were it for that man if he never had been born!" "Not one is lost but the son of perdition!" And John, the man of love, calls Judas a thief, while Peter, in the first chapter of the Acts, applies the most terrible passage to Judas. Judas is called in the scripture a "thief," a "hypocrite," a "traitor" and a "devil." Dante shows him shunned even in hell. Any attempt, therefore, to excuse or to condone his guilt seems both useless and foolish. The name, even, has become a synonym for horror—but we shrink from drawing aside the curtains or thinking of the perdition of a guilty soul!

The question has been asked: "Why did Jesus choose such a man for His disciple?" It is always easier to ask questions than to

answer them; yet, for all that, there may be very good answers possible. Certainly it was not because Jesus was deceived in the man; for we are distinctly told that "Jesus knew from the beginning who it was that should betray him." It is very necessary to keep in mind who it was that did the choosing, that it was our Saviour, in whom dwelt all the fullness of the God-head bodily. He knew all men: "He needed not that any should tell him what was in man." However, by the terms of his own submission he could never use this superhuman knowledge to shield himself from pain, or the sorrows and trials incident to human life. For, had he used his power of prescience to shield himself, his life would thereby lose its value to us; instead of inspiring us to holy living and to heroisms it would rather tantalize and mock us and drive us to despair. In our hours of conflict we could not gather strength from contemplating his career, but would have to confess that the cases are not parallel. In our days of conflict we would be tempted to say, "Give us the

power and the knowledge which He had and we will do as He did." "Make me Christ and I too will conquer." So, for our sakes, He met the issues of life as we have to meet them, never making the slightest draught upon His divinity to assist His humanity. He would not make bread in the desert to satisfy such hunger as must have followed a forty days' fast, but He performed a miracle to feed five thousand who were not yet two days fasting. With a touch He healed the ear of the high priest's servant, which Peter had smote with a sword, but He allows His own blood to flow. He told His disciples to buy swords for themselves, but, while He had at His command twelve legions of angels, He refused to call one of them to assist Himself. This is the explanation of the saying, "Though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might become rich."

If we bear this in mind we shall see how Jesus came to choose Judas as a disciple. He chose as men choose; had He acted otherwise

the value of His life, as an example to us, would have been cancelled.

Again; there is no reason to suppose that Judas was, when chosen, what he was when he betrayed Jesus. All we are warranted in believing is that when chosen he had natural qualifications for the place, a man of quick insight, keen power of discrimination, and with a natural gift for financeering. Jesus, seeing Judas, and needing such a man in His little society, chose him, as any other would have done, on account of his natural qualifications for the office of treasurer. And here we see that right along side of the richest natural gifts lie the peculiar weakness and besetting sin. Not in Judas' case only. Jesus called Judas because he had a needed gift for services in the company of the disciples; but Judas, allowing what was for the good of the whole company to become a selfish and personal thing, fell into a snare and a curse. Had he remained true to his gift he might have been as honored an apostle as any of them. Had he remained true to his trust, then we

would not have to read, "In those days when the number of the disciples was multiplied there arose a murmuring among the Greeks against the Hebrews because their widows were neglected in the daily ministrations." Had he cultivated the gift that was in him he might have become head of a great eleemosynary department in the church, and have saved the Apostle Paul from having to gather alms through Europe to take to the poor saints at Jerusalem; and the other apostles would have been saved from the necessity of "leaving the word of God to serve tables." Alas, how selfishness always in the end blights!

But, to repeat, it is not at all probable that Judas was, when chosen, what we find him at last. When the Master said, I have chosen you twelve and one of you is a devil now. He does not imply that Judas was, when chosen, but that he is now a devil. And John tells us that Judas carried the bag, and without doubt filched therefrom; these peculations being indulged in, the passion grew until it ruled him, controlled him, and finally

drove him to the height of insane folly; to the perpetration of the darkest crime which blackens the pages of human history. The love of money drove him to such desperation that he sold both his own soul, and the Saviour of men, for thirty pieces of silver. O, cursed lust of gold! "What will you give me and I will betray Him!" These words, later, echoing through the throne-room of his conscience drove Judas to despair.

We can almost see the passion for gold growing upon Judas. The price of the alabaster box and its ointment lights up his meager imagination with visions of wealth. To him three hundred pence—about forty dollars—was a fortune. He, of course, could not hope to steal all that sum, but it was a bitter disappointment to him to miss a part of it. So he interviews the enemies of his Master and asks what there is in it for him if he will deliver Jesus. They promised him money, and now at the last Holy Supper, when he heard the Master and his fellow disciples are to betake them to a little grotto in

the garden for a season of prayer, the word "money" was ringing in his ears, "money" was uppermost in his thoughts. He knew alas that he could not pray and at the same time fondle his sin. There was a battle going on in his breast at the table, on the issue of which hung the eternal fate of his soul. Shall he go to prayermeeting or shall he gratify his unholy passion? Which? Shall he go with Jesus or with His enemies and be thirty pieces of silver better off? Which will it be, Judas? Think seriously, Judas, for you as well as the rest of us must settle that question. Take all the consequences into the account, Judas. There is a holy pathos in the presence of the Master; surely it will touch the heart of this man. There is a higher voice—the voice of the Spirit—the voice of heaven, of God, pleading with his higher nature; but he hears only the one word "money." "They promised me money." And deliberately he arises from the table and proceeds to the nefarious and blood-curdling business of betraying the Saviour! When he had finally

abandoned himself to this deed the scriptures significantly say: "The devil entered into him." Judas has abandoned himself, sold himself to the devil, and the devil has entered and taken possession of his own property. Before the enemies of Jesus he asks, "How much?" Drive a close bargain, Judas! How much? Get all you can, Judas! How much? Thirty pieces of silver, Judas; 'tis all they think you are worth to them, Judas—they know you, Judas! That you will betray your Christ with a kiss, Judas; that you will nail your Christ to the cross, Judas, for that much; that you will go out into the night—black, eternal night—for that, Judas! *Nux erketai!* It was night! Poor, dispised, lost Judas!

Let us read between the lines. There is not really so much difference as seems between the battle Judas waged and lost and our own battles. Judas wished to be on good terms with those who had political power. They could reward him. In his case it was money, as in so many others, but it is not money in

all cases. Judas wished to be friendly with those who were the avowed enemies of Jesus. So the old question thumps at every throat. We cannot have both Jesus and sin, and the question comes, how much indulgence will you give me if I deliver him; if I betray him? How much of "a time" will you give me if I abandon him—deliver him up to the cross? The devil evidently makes close estimates and appreciates the difference in men; he offered to Jesus all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them if He would worship him; and he offered Judas thirty bits of money! And he offers some of us a night of pleasure; a temporary titillation of a nerve; a transient gratification of the senses in sin!

"I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing,
But, och, it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling."

It was after Judas had practiced the sin for some time that it slew him. It is the first indulgence that will finally damn! No one

thinks he will die a drunkard while taking the first drink. It is so with sin. The sinful practice or desire, fed, grows strong and finally pushes the soul over the brink into the pit. At last the hope of heaven, honor and all goes for silver, or popularity, or for gratification, or for pleasure, or for company. Finally it is, "What will you give me, and I will deliver up Jesus Christ!"

And let it never be forgotten that sin looks very much more desirable before than after it is committed. Judas loved money before the commission of his crime, but after it his conscience bites back in the agony of remorse. He is struggling to find an answer to the question "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul!" Now the lust for gold flashes like a flame to blaze and to burn as the fires in hell; the thought of his perfidy goads his conscience, stings and tortures his brain! He hastens to the council chamber; the men who before they used him were so genial,

now frown; he casts down the money that burns his palm, saying, "It is blood money; I am guilty!" These men now turn and scowl and say, "Begone! See thou to that!" The tempter told him of the pleasure in the gold; now the possession of it is crazing his brain; he is in a frenzy; he rushes out and hangs himself to escape remorse and shame!

This is the history of Judas and the prophecy of all who indulge in sin. The least swerving from rectitude should send a thrill of alarm to the brain of any one; the first inclination to sin should give the soul an electric shock; the first suggestion of temptation should bring before our minds the fate of Judas Iscariot! And if we are already indulging in any sin we are on the road to ruin. We think we will not allow it to master us; so did Judas. But why not break from it now? Will it become less fascinating or less powerful when it has been longer indulged? The reverse of this is true. "Now is the day of salvation." Nebuchadnezzer's

vision is the analogue of repentance for sin. In his vision the lower the limbs of the image the coarser was their materials. So with us; the farther off the time the more unfit it is for our returning to God. "To-day" is the "golden" opportunity; to-morrow at best will be silver; then the day after the morrow will be but brass, and so on, until we shall finally come to the toes of clay and turn to dust! "Now is the accepted time, and now today *is* really, truly, emphatically the day of salvation." Let us resolve here and *now*, by the grace of God, by the love of Christ, by the fate of Judas, never to sell out Jesus Christ to win any pleasure or to shun any pain. And heaven will record the resolve and assist us to make it good. Listen:

"The present, the present is all thou hast
For thy sure possessing.
Like the patriarch's angel, hold it fast
Till it gives thee its blessing."

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